



21. June. 1695

The Westminster Wonder;

Giving an Account of a *Robin-Red-Breast*, who, ever since the *Queen's* Funeral continues on the Top Pinacle of the *Queens Mausoleum* or *Pyramid*, in the *Abby of Westminster*, where he is seen and heard to Sing, and will not depart the Place, to the Admiration of many Beholders.

To the Tune of the *Jealous Lover*.

Licensed according to Order.

YOU Loyal Subjects of this Isle,
Be pleased to attend a while,
To this Relation which I bring;
You never heard so strange a thing,

In any former Ages past:

Queen *Mary* Dy'd *December* last,
And a *Robin Red-Breast*, to this day,
Continues Singing where she lay.

Not in the Mourning Chamber, no,
Where Death did strike the fatal Blow;
But in *Westminster-Abby* where
They did a *Pyramid* prepare,

Against her solid Funeral;
This they did her *Mausoleum* call,
Where in the *Abby* it was plac'd
With rich and sumptuous Beauty grac'd.

The very Art of Man was try'd,
To make it richly Beautify'd,
Angels and Cherubims of Gold,
A sight most glorious to behold.

This Monument doth Taper rise,
A Pinacle at top likewise;
There is, and eke a Wonder too,
Which I declare is strang and true.

This is a Wonder strang, I say,
Ere since that great and solemn Day,
Of the Interment of our Queen,
There is a *Robin Red-Breast* seen,

Upon the very Top of all:
He sings a Note soft, sweet, and small,
Which is most pleasant for to hear,
When they the Royal Place draw near.

Sometimes it flies a little way,
Yet from the Place it will not stay,
But soon returns with speed again,
Where it doth Night and Day remain.

Upon the Pinacle it sits
Spreading its little Wings by fits,
And in the very midst of Prayer,
This *Robin* he sits singing there,

And is not mis'd; yet we conclude,
He must fly forth sometimes for Food;
Which done, his flight he back doth take,
And never doth the Place forsake,

The News was carried far and near,
That *Robin Red breast* does appear
Upon the *Queens Mausoleum* still,
Which doth all Men with Wonder fill.

Renowned Lords and Ladies gay,
And common People day by day,
Upon their hearing this Report,
They to the *Abby* all resort,

Where *Robin Red-breast* they behold,
Upon the Pinacle of Gold;
And it's the Thoughts of Rich and Poor,
The like was never known before.

A wise *Astrologer* declares,
It is a sign that our Affairs
Will be successful e'ry Spring,
Which makes the *Robin Red-breast* sing.

He learns from these sweet Songs of Joy,
That *Potent France* shall nere destroy
The Church, tho' good *Queen Mary* Dy'd
For God above will be our Guide.

London, Printed for *James Read* near *Temple-Bar*, 1695.

An ACCOUNT of
The Taking by Storm
THE
Famous Fort Kennoque:
BY THE
Duke of Wirtemberg:

AND OF
The Forcing the *French* Lines by the Elector of *Bavaria*.

THE Publick hath already had an Account of the Duke of *Wirtemberg's* Arrival before *Kenoque*, and Beating the *French* out of a Post where he designed to have raised his Batteries, &c. I shall only Acquaint you, That on the Nincteenth Instant, We Attacked, and made ourselves Masters of the Out-works, as also of the Sluce of *Boefingen*, (which Commands the Water) with little Resistance: After which we began to work on our Batteries; which we finish'd on the 20th. in the Evening, and planted Twenty-Four Cannon, and some Mortars thereon; from which we began to play upon the Fort, on the 21st. when Two Battallions of *Swissers* endeavour'd to drive our Troops from some of their posts; but were repuls'd with Loss. That Day the Duke of *Wirtemberg* got all thing ready, for a General Storm: And the Supplement to the *Rotterdam Gazette*, of the 23d. Instant, arriv'd Yesterday, gives this following Account, by way of Postscript.

Just now the States have Received an Express, with an Account, That the Duke of *Wirtemberg* had taken *Kenoque*, with Sword in Hand: And, that during the Action, which was very warm, the Elector of *Bavaria* had forc'd the *French* Lines: The particular of which great Action, are impatiently expected.